Volume LXXII CHICAGO, DECEMBER 11, 1913 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Christmas Again

GIFTS

Desirable, Economical, Beautiful and Fitting

Books, Cards, Calendars, Etc.

At the "Little Counter" in Unity Room or by Mail

Address

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Abraham Lincoln Centre
700 Oakwood Bould.
CHICAGO

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 227
Hiram W. Thomas, D. D. 230

THE PULPIT—
The Eternally-Womanly. II. Boadicea.—The Woman Militant.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 231

POETRY—
Boadicea.—*Wm Cowper* 227

CONTRIBUTED—
As To Truth.—JAMES G. TOWNSEND 231

SELECTED—
Broken Womanhood and Its Reconstruction.—*T. C. Richards* 235

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 236
Lines to a Son.—*Selected* 236
Something About You.—*Boy's Life* 236
The New Boston Custom House.—*Popular Mechanics* 236
Weather Forecasts from Study of Sun 236

THE FIELD—
Progress and the Birthrate.—*The Chautauquan* 237
Work Against Liquor in Germany and France.—*The Continent* 237
The Century 237
St. Nicholas for 1914 237
Schools as Community Centers.—*The Chautauquan* 239

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4805

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill., Orland, Ill., Goodings' Grove, Ill.
Dowd Pure Milk Co.
4326-34 Wabash Ave.
Phone Oakland 474
Milk and Cream of the Highest Grade Bottled in the Country.
OUR MOTTO:
Purity, Cleanliness, and Efficient Delivery

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Drexel State Bank
Cottage Grove Ave. and Oakwood Blvd.
A convenient bank for South Side Residents, where your account will be appreciated whether large or small.
Savings accounts can be opened with one dollar or more, on which three per cent interest is paid.
This bank is open Saturday evenings from 6 to 8 in addition to the regular banking hours.
RESOURCES OVER $3,000,000.00
Oldest and largest bank in this section of the South Side.
Your Account Invited

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

ORIENTAL RUGS CLEANED
BY
Schumann & Co.
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.
PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
Fred Welberry—Robt. H. Ramm
Oysters Are In Season
GROCERIES, MEATS AND VEGETABLES
We Dress All Our Own Poultry
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Telephone, Drexel 115 Telephone, Auto 73-096
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1913. NUMBER 15.

BOADICEA

An Ode

When the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
  Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
  Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
  From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew,
  Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
  Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
  Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
  Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
  Shame and ruin wait for you.

—*William Cowper.*

The *Congregationalist* of December 4 has a thought revealing editorial on "The Religious Note in Fiction," which shows wide reading in current literature. The writer notes the increasing religious element in current fiction, instancing "The Inside of the Cup" and "V. V.'s Eyes" as conspicuous illustrations, and he matches these American books with English and continental recent publications. After an imposing list of books and authors the writer concludes:

> We have much yet to learn, much in the way of application to the fundamental necessity of character and individual personality, as well as in social reorganizations, but we are on the right road and faced in the right direction to discover the ultimate solution in the teachings of Christ and in his Kingdom.

Not the least advantage of this just plan,—and because just, it ought to be made practical,—is the escape from the post-mortem waste and heart-burning occasioned by the clumsy administration of farmers' estates, particularly where they die, as is often the case, intestate. The tragic "auction sale," the dismantling of the house, and often dismemberment of the family, necessary in the administering of the estate. Farming has always been a toiler's lot and has ever been an *industry,* but in these days of science it has become a *business* also. "Efficiency" and "scientific management" are words as pertinent and applicable in the raising of calves and the making of butter as in the manufacture of churns and automobiles. Let the girls have their rights here also.

Things are moving rapidly down at Washington. When President Wilson concluded to leave the technicalities of the departments to the competent managers of the same, he had time to prophesy in his annual message to Congress, and, what is better, the distracted members of that body had time and nerve and wakefulness to sit up and take notice. The suggestion of a presidential primary must have carried gloom into the hearts of the politicians, the spell-binding speech-makers and the time-honored convention goers and makers. But it was a high note of democracy, carrying cheer and awakening interest in the heart of the universal man, the *hoi polloi!* Then there is the government railroad in Alaska, the unspoken sequence of thought follows,—why not government extension of railroad property, power and authority, outside of Alaska but inside of the United States? Already the papers announce that Senator Kenyon of Iowa is preparing a bill for the purchase by the government of all the railroads. How alarming! And yet how encouraging! If things continue to progress as rapidly as they now seem to, the time is not so far away as we used to think when the principles of civil service will eliminate the "grafter" and the political appointee. When that is done another thing will appear,—that human energy, ingenuity and integrity can be developed in the service of the state, more effectively than it is now developed by and in the selfish and self-seeking game.

Charles C. Nixon, Toronto, Canada, in *Hoard's Dairyman* for December 5th, under the title of "Shall Girls Share Equally with Boys," touches a phase of the woman question seldom recognized, much less discussed by the persistent and aggressive agitators of the same. What is the daughter's right in the farm home? Says the writer:—

I have no patience with principles which give one boy in the family an interest in the farm that returns him, say, $1,200 to $1,500 annually, while his sisters get only what they ask or beg for from their dad. Yet there are many cases of this kind. Surely it must be that the boy (or man?) does not consider what he takes, or where he takes it from.

What would happen if his sisters should go on a strike and demand their rights? What a fine show of authority they would make should they summon their father and their brothers to a short notice conference whereat there would be demanded an explanation and an adjustment on some basis of right and of equality!

The remedy is as refreshing as is the recognition of the need:

How would it be to make a joint stock company proposition of the old farm? Secure incorporation as would a "limited" business; assign shares all round on the basis of the modified equality * * * including father and mother too, with father perhaps having the largest or the controlling interest? Each year the earnings or the profits of the business would be apportioned to the shareholders according to their holdings; thus would the question of allowance be solved, and most certainly the girls would develop a renewed and a vital interest in all pertaining to what was doing on the farm. The death of the father would not necessitate the division of the farm. It could go right on as before giving the boy the advantage of the use of all the capital and the farm would become a greater and greater monument to the foresight and business acumen of the father who, earlier in life, saw the advantage of placing his business on this sound basis and gave his boys a chance—also gave his girls their fair and rightful share in working out with him what would be in the best interests of all.

The luncheon given at Hotel Sherman last Saturday by the Peace Society of Chicago, and their friends, to Mr. Bernard Noel Langdon-Davies, was a most interesting event. Some hundred men and women broke bread together. Perhaps all of them were touched with the conceit of being *up* on the peace movement before the speaker began. Perhaps most of them were ready to put up an "argument" on their own behalf. Perhaps most of them were ready to speak on the question, had opportunity been given, but after the representative of young England, a fresh graduate from Cambridge, was through, even the veteran pacifists felt as though they had entered upon a post-graduate course of study and were just beginning the consideration of the higher problems. He analyzed all the arguments for big navies and made the economic argument, of waste, seem small and incidental. Government officials are willing to be charged with extravagance, a vice which they hasten to convert into patriotism, but they do not relish being relegated to the limbo of fools. The modern man, man of business and politics in Europe and America, prefers to be considered a rogue rather than a dunce. We hope that Mr. Langdon-Davies' arguments will be made available for print before he ends his most interesting campaign among the students and the working men of the Western Continent. He is an "image-breaker," but his weapon is not the iconoclast's hammer but the logician's solvent, the scientist's measuring rule, and the moral power of the decalogue and the Golden Rule. The "sentimentalists" are no longer those who advocate disarmament, but rather the dreamy Miss Nancies who seek to create new devil-ships and relegate old Dreadnoughts to the junk heap, by sheer gush, sentimental nonsense over "national honor," "territorial rights," etc., etc. If you do not believe this, ask Mr. Langdon-Davies and he will persuade you.

"Current Items of Interest," is the title of an interesting leaflet prepared by Henry Oldys, and issued from time to time in the interest of the Audubon and other humane organizations, anxious to preserve the lives of the birds and to promote the love of the same in the hearts of boys and girls and in the thoughts of men and women. Copies of these very interesting notes can be secured in quantities for distribution for $1 per hundred, by addressing the Audubon Society of the District of Columbia, Washington, D. C. The issue for October 16th gives a chronological history of the tariff provision which prohibits the importation of aigrettes and other feather decorations outside of ostrich plumes and the feathers and plumes of domestic fowls. The movement for legislation was launched by the Audubon Society of the District of Columbia on December 29, 1912. On January 30, 1913, the first hearing before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives was held and briefs were filed by experts. March 1, 1913, printed circulars were issued by the Washington society to be used in the campaign. March 17, the New York Zoological Society took similar steps. April 6, the Tariff Bill was reported to the House of Representatives embodying the request for bird protection. May 8, bill passed the house without change. May 21, a hearing before the Finance Committee of the Senate at which the importers and manufacturers of bird plumage were heard in opposition. June 17, the bill was amended by Finance Committee, introducing the "joker" exempting "edible and pestiferous birds." July 11, measure reported to the Senate eliminating the aigrette clause. July 21, Senator McLean of Connecticut moved to restore the House provision. August 13, Senator McLean made a great speech in support of his amendment. October 31, passage of bill by Senate and signature by President. This in brief is the story, which indicates a profound movement in civilization. Still waters run deep. Such a battle means much and such a triumph is significant. Of course the battle is not won. Doubtless there will be persistent effort to amend and to evade this humane enactment. Woman's barbaric love of feathers, so-

ciety's passion for display, the complacency born out of conformity and extravagant expenditure, and stronger than all these the lust for dollars, the chance of making money and the passion for trade, on the one hand,—modesty, the love of the beautiful and the piety that recognizes a divine kinship between all living things, on the other hand.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, venerable President Emeritus of Harvard University, is a brilliant illustration of the fact that the mind does not necessarily grow old with the body. It is to be expected that an old man will preserve the loyalties of his youth and stand by the affirmations and agitations of his early manhood, and when this is accomplished a deserved halo rests upon the whitened hair and the wrinkled brow, but when in addition to this there are signs of a renewed youth in the way of new causes espoused, new theories generated, new wood grown on the stem of the tree, right under the weather worn and wrinkled brow, then is one's faith in immortality reassured. Dr. Eliot shows to a remarkable degree this capacity for making new wood, and he is constantly improving upon the work of his youth and enlarging the ideals of his manhood. It is a fine thing to see an old man growing more and more radical on living questions as he grows older. It is a lamentable thing to see a young man harking back to the inspirations of his fathers, growing more and more conservative in what ought to be the expanding years of his life. In his closing address before the General Unitarian Conference at Buffalo, of which he was president, Dr. Eliot frankly confessed that he had taken much more interest in the temperance question in the last ten years of his life than in the earlier years. This increased interest comes from certain opportunities for fresh observation and studies on these lines. In America he found the increasing number of feeble-minded, insane and criminal, the result of alcoholism. His investigations in Germany persuaded him that even the "limited doses of alcohol" that most people suppose "completely innocuous," unfavorably affect the human being twenty-four hours after taking, thus impairing the safety and efficiency of every mechanic, artisan, driver of automobile, manager of circular saw, or other powerful machinery, or worker in hot furnaces. His observations in the far East are so pertinent that we anticipate the promised publication of the whole address in pamphlet form, that our readers, who might not avail themselves of the pamphlet, may be confronted by the ominous word. O young men, yes, young women too, fathers and mothers of growing families, can you be indifferent, complacent, and socially conventional and polite in the presence of the tippling habit which is invading your homes and menacing your children? Poison is poison whether offered in stoneware mugs, in dirty saloons, or in dainty cut-glass decanters in sumptuous and refined homes. Read and reflect—

> Somewhat more than a year ago, I had a long opportunity of observing the difference between the white race and the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indian, the Malay, and some of the Mohammedan people, in regard to susceptibility to the alcoholic temptation. The white race is inferior to all the other peoples I have named in regard to this susceptibility to the temptation of alcoholism. No observant person can travel through the East for a year without being shocked by the manifest tendency of the white race temporarily resident there to destroy itself through alcoholism. Alcohol is destructive in the highest degree to the white race in the tropics, and all through the tropics the white race exhibits a terrible lack of self-control with regard to the use of alcoholic drinks. It is mortifying to the last degree for an American to see intoxicated American soldiers and sailors staggering about the streets of the Chinese cities where we now have troops, and never to see a Japanese soldier in such condition; although the Japanese have five times as many troops there as we have. I mention but a single fact; but the lesson of the East is that the alcoholism of the white race must be overcome, or that vice, with the licentiousness it promotes, will overcome the race.

The Chicago Hebrew Institute is one of the most valuable Social Centers in the city of Chicago. It is generously supported and wisely administered and serves a highly specialized constituency, a large part of which consists of the Russian-Jew element on the West Side. This is the constituency that upon its arrival in Chicago is often unkempt, uncouth, impoverished and most un-American. But touched by a degree of American freedom, opportunity, and a fair chance, it promptly rises into efficiency, patriotism, and self-supporting, self-respecting American citizenship. This Institute, while offering a large number of intellectual privileges, is not oblivious of the social need. So its social dances "on Sunday (not Sabbath) nights, are events of great importance in its working program. Jacob M. Loeb, president of the Board of Managers, has in no uncertain terms set his tabu on the Tango and other "close" and "clutch" dances. In a public statement he announces that "The women without consulting the officials of the Institute, decided that they would have to introduce the Tango to retain their young people." The officers promptly announced that "if a Tango teacher had been hired she must be dismissed." The president announces that "this is a stage dance and many things are permissible on the stage that cannot be brought into the Institute." He pronounces it a "vicious dance." UNITY has profound sympathy with this ruling of the Chicago Hebrew Institute Board. Without the skill or knowledge to analyze the "tango steps," taking the word of many respectable women and expert dancers for it, doubtless it can be danced innocently on the principle that "To the pure all things are pure." But while it has but so recently emerged from vicious sources, while it connotes so much sex consciousness on so many dangerous lines, while the right minded police authorities, the intelligent social workers, solicitous parents, consecrated teachers and preachers, are trying so hard to eliminate dangerous fascinations from the dance halls

and assembly rooms, which alone are available to the poor and the great bulk of the toiling classes, it ill becomes those on the upper social levels, who claim ethical pre-eminence, to claim indulgence for those who live on the avenues and the boulevards to enjoy that which is proscribed in the alleys and the side streets. If the Tango and its companions are good and safe where the "swells" are, in the clubs and assemblies on the Lake Shore Drive and Chicago boulevards, why should they not be tolerated "beyant the tracks" and "West of the River." We know there is a difference between a "Settlement" and a saloon, but a great many people, some of them pretty smart, cannot draw fine distinctions when the passions and the appetites are involved. They who have so much to enjoy ought to be glad to avoid the very appearance of evil for the encouragement and support of those who have so little to enjoy. When all other arguments fail, "for their sake" is decisive to the wise member of the social compact. Paul's dictum holds, where many other anchors drag, "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat, no, not while the world standeth."

Hiram W. Thomas, D. D.

We are sure that many people, we wish there were more, are consciously indebted to UNITY for its part in saving and publishing the story of David Swing, the great Poet-Preacher, who for so many years, radiated an odor of sanctity at the boisterous heart of Chicago. He was a minister of grace, beauty and love in the Loop District; before there was a loop to solidify the crass commercial superstition that has lent such an artificial value to that congested territory, for which there is no justification in the nature of things, he loved and worked there.

The Rev. Joseph Fort Newton undertook his biographical task none too early, for the memory of the faithful was growing dim, and the lips of many lovers and interpreters of David Swing were sealed forever before Mr. Newton's gracious appeal could reach them. Mr. Newton tells how one of his earliest encouragements came from the late lamented Dr. Harper, builder and first president of the University of Chicago. Dr. Harper and Professor Swing were fellow citizens of Ohio, their lives inter-twined interestingly way back in the old student days, before heresy and much work directed their lives into distant if not distinct channels. But before his reminiscences could be penned, a great silence fell upon the great President of the great University.

For those who lived in Chicago through the '60's, '70's and the '80's, it is impossible to think of one, without thinking of the great quartette, who wrought mightily in Chicago during those years for the amelioration of dogma, for the interpretation of religion in terms of civic righteousness, for the promotion of the city of Chicago—Robert Collyer, David Swing, W. H. Rider and Hiram W. Thomas. They have all gone hence but their work remains. Chicago has been ungracious towards its great spiritual leaders, perhaps it is the fault of these United States and its dangerous rise into prosperity, perhaps it is the fault of the Twentieth Century. But whatever of nobleness has been instituted in Chicago, its schools, libraries, churches, art, literary and musical organizations, owe immeasurably to these four great men.

The story of Dr. Rider, as a minister of the Universal Hope, has, so far as we know, never been adequately told, certainly his part in the building of the city is too little understood or appreciated by the Chicago builders, of today.

Through the co-operation of UNITY, the story of David Swing has been told sympathetically, skilfully, and as adequately as circumstances would permit: first, in the pages of UNITY and afterward preserved in a dignified book, which is an instructive and inspiring volume.

Next week's issue of UNITY will be given to an appreciation, somewhat belated, of Robert Collyer. His story in the large is available in his own publications, and his memorials now in process of publication.

But no one has hitherto set himself to the splendid and high task of collecting the material, settling and reducing to order the story of the one who for a quarter of a century was minister at large to all the denominations in this city—Hiram W. Thomas, D. D. A man of God who found a sacred platform on the boards of a popular theatre! McVicker's Theatre, in those days, suggested the great Sunday audiences and utterances of Dr. Thomas, as often as it did the achievements of the great actors. We are, therefore, glad to announce that Mr. Newton has consented to do for Dr. Thomas, so far as the material at hand will permit, what he has done so well for his friend and fellow worker, David Swing. Mr. Newton knew and loved Dr. Thomas as a young minister could know and love an elder minister at a distance. Perhaps this distance will enable him to get the truer perspective of his message and his mission. But the personal touch, the unique individuality and the details of the story, must be compiled from material furnished him by those entrusted with these blessed memories.

As soon as possible Mr. Newton will prepare such a story to appear from week to week in the pages of UNITY. To help in this work we join with Mr. Newton in calling upon all those who loved and labored with Dr. Thomas to furnish him with such material as they may have at hand. Letters, sermons, articles, reminiscences, impressions, stories, will be gratefully received; and when requested, manuscripts will be care-

fully returned. Mr. Newton is himself preoccupied with the obligations of a large and successful ministry, so he will not be able to visit persons and places associated with that noble and gracious man. Will you help him? He writes:

Had I waited two years longer, it would have been quite impossible to write the story of Swing. As it is, it lacks much of the personal touch, because so many of those who knew him intimately had followed him into the Beyond. I regret exceedingly the loss of the memories of Dr. Harper, and the introduction which he had promised to write. Such experiences make me all the more urgent that those who knew Dr. Thomas bestir themselves, ere the years rob us of much rich treasure.

All communications should be addressed to the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, 1269 Fourth Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

As to Truth

"My friend of St. Lawrence University, "I. M. A.," and myself are not so far apart when he affirms "that there are many doors opening from the soul into the vast realm of knowledge." For I have long maintained that the method of knowledge is that of experience, and correct inference from that experience. And as I. M. A. says, "Our stock of knowledge comes by acquaintance, endeavor, experience. Life is the great teacher." But is not this the method of science?

Here is the delusion or error I have long tried to expose. There are many ministers, and even distinguished philosophers, like my friend Alden and Prof. Bergson, who slur the human intellect, who say there is a way of arriving at truth, about real things or beings, different in kind from that of experience; that the most ignorant can by feeling, intuition, faith, come to the highest truths,—truths about God, the soul, Jesus, and the unseen world. And they say their method has a validity superior to that of science; that they have an infallible organ of knowledge independent of the intellect.

Now I aver that this teaching alienates from us those who have the profoundest reverence for religion, but who cannot believe it is the provence of feeling, intuition or religion to teach us truths about the formation of the universe, of man's place and duty, of that power or being we call God, of the destiny of the soul, and of the good toward which all things are moving. That is the province of science. Truth is a matter of science; inspiration, comfort, faith, religion, are matters of feeling, will and imagination. Now I say it is a dangerous delusion to teach that there is a private way of attaining truth that does not rest entirely upon the foundation of science and philosophy.

In short, if truths are known about God, or the soul, or the goal toward which all things are moving (and there is no reason *a priori* why such truths may not be known), they can only be known by experience, that is, by study and search, by the method of science. Religion or the heart tells no "secret." That is the part of the intellect.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

That is a dangerous religion which would not be known but for its label.

THE PULPIT

The Eternally-Womanly

A Series of Six Sermons
Preached at
THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

II.

Boadicea—The Woman Militant

Nov. 16, 1913.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer

We, Thy children of love, would fain advance the kingdom of love. Teach us, O Father, to see the better way and to walk therein. Give us this morning a glimpse of the power of the unarmed soul that stands for truth and justice, clad only in the armor of the spirit. Help us, Father, to lay aside and to leave behind the weapons of hate, the instruments of destruction, the armament of the lower and the baser life. Father, help us to live in the sunshine and spread the light that streams therefrom, that brother may recognize brother the world o'er and all men confess their kinship unto Thee, the common father of us all. Amen.

Sermon

We come this morning to our second search for the "Eternally-Womanly" of Goethe, the spirit that ever leadeth onward and upward. This is something, all commentators agree, quite different from any sex problem, quite distinct from any "woman question." Last Sunday I considered with you fundamental motherhood as revealed in that primitive woman who watched day and night over the dead bodies of her sons, keeping the vultures off by day and the wolves and other beasts of prey by night.

Today we will take another type, grim, heroic, aggressive; a tremendous picture for the day, a respendant power for the hour, a woman who was a born leader of men, but one whose name is today buried in the dusty alcoves of libraries, and known only to the learned.

The first century of the Christian era was a tempestuous one in the life of the early citizens of the British nation. The mighty Caesar caught sight of that far off island, reputed rich in tin and gold and with his legions had invaded it in the year 62 A. D. The conqueror Suetonius determined to break the last center of patriotism and independence, so he marched his Roman phalanxes clear across the islands, determined to reduce to ashes and destroy the last citidel of patriotism, which was then and is now and always will be, the citidel of current piety. The non-aggressive Druids, with the non-combatants,—the wives and children, all those unable to bear arms, had fled step by step into the far island of Mona, Anglesea, on the maps of today. There they had set up their altars and welcomed their wounded; there they sang their songs and chanted their prayers, thereby hoping to avert the ultimate calamity threatened by the invading armies of Rome. At last Suetonius arrived with his Roman Phalanxes at the Straits of Menai, the narrowness of which permitted the Romans to see across and they noted a vast throng of priestly men and frightened women, holding up the arms which they would not use in self defense, imploring the protection of their gods. The sight at

first even overcame the Roman soldiers. They dared not invade the camps of helpless women and innocent children. There was little inspiration in charging unarmed priests. But they were rallied to their task, the men were ferried over in flat bottomed boats, the cavalry dashed into the water and waded or swam across, and there began the awful slaughter, as we have it described in the pages of Tacitus, himself a Roman historian. Men, women and children were indiscriminately slaughtered and their bodies thrown upon the altar fires lit by the priests themselves. The havoc seemed complete. The last center of patriotism and rebellion was crushed. But, while the heaviest and best portion of the army was engaged in this devastating destruction in the north, a woman, smarting under the indignities heaped upon her, whose body had been lashed and whose daughters had been outraged, was marshaling once more the tribes that had been over and over again defeated. Prasutagus, her husband, a man of great wealth, hoping to protect to a degree his family, had willed one-half of his estate to Nero, the other half to his daughters. The historian comments in passing, that it is the bad emperor who receives private bequests, and this was a forlorn hope of defense, not an act of love and reverence. But the representatives of Nero quickly put aside any obligation and proceeded with high handed vandalism to defraud the people. They scourged the wives, they insulted the daughters, and Boadicea, the widowed queen, smarting under these indignities, rallied troop after troop, and lead the forces to battle. The details of the rally are carefully laid out in the pages of Tacitus and Dion Cassius, contemporary writers. Let me read a few lines from Tacitus:

> Boadicea, seated in a chariot, with her two daughters before her, traversed the field, and as she came up to each nation, she called them to witness that it was usual for Britons to war under the conduct of women; but on that occasion she entered the field not as one descended from ancestors so illustrious to recover her kingdom and her treasure, but as one of the humblest among them, to take vengeance for liberty extinguished, her own body lacerated with stripes, the chastity of her daughters defiled; that the Romans in the fury of their inordinate passions, had proceeded to such extremes, that the persons of those within their reach were not safe; they would not leave old age unmolested, nor virginity uncontaminated; that the gods, however, aided their righteous revenge.

Suetonius, hearing of the uprising in the central part of the island, returned by a forced march. While with his army assembled, waiting for the attack, he rallied his men with sneers and the taunt that they should not be frightened by women. He told them also that they must have no mercy, but save the honor of Rome. The armies met in desperate combat and there, as so often in history, selfish discipline, ordered equipment, overwhelmed poorly equipped enthusiasm and undisciplined patriotism. The generous figures of history tell us that eighty thousand British, men, women and children, were slaughtered, and vast numbers of horses and oxen, and on the other side the loss of a thousand Roman soldiers.

That we may try to realize the vividness of the scene, let me read you some lines from Tennyson who has put into modern verse the literal account of Latin writers. He says:

> While about the shore of Mona those Neronian legionaries
> Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and Druidess,
> Far in the East Boadicea, standing loftily charioted,
> Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility,
> Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Camulodune,
> Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy.
>
> They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populaces,
> Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating?
> Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated?
> Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear, Coriranian, Trinobant!
> Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?
> Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?
> Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable,
> Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton,
> Kite and kestral, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,
> Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated.
> Lo their colony half-defended! lo their colony, Camulodune!
> There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.
> There the hive of Roman liars worship an emperor-idiot.
> Such is Rome, and this her deity; hear it, Spirit of Cassivelaun!

Then with vigorous lines he describes the further marshaling of the troops:

> So the Queen Boadicea, standing loftily charioted,
> Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,
> Yell'd and shrieked between her daughters in her fierce volubility.
> Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
> Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments,
> Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,
> Roar'd as when the roaring breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,
> Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promonotory.
> So the silent colony, hearing her tumultuous adversaries
> Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous hand,
> Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,
> Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,
> Then her pulses at the clamoring of her enemy fainted away.

The concluding lines of Tennyson's poem give the final summary:

> Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
> Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.
> Perished many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary,
> Fell the colony, city and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodune.

This weird Celtic Queen, described as of gigantic statue, broad shoulders, red hair falling in great waves down to her hips, with deep base voice, led her citizens to battle. This brave "Boadicea," which is the Latin for "Byddug," the Celtic root of which means Victor—this militant British queen,—bore the same name as the honored pacific Queen of England, the late lamented "Victoria."

Now this grim and half-forgotten woman warrior is no stranger type on the pages of history. The Teutonic armies that invaded Italy and spread their domain were accompanied by their wives and children. They hung upon the outskirts of the battlefield, ready to bind up the wounded, and when necessary to reinforce the fighting line. The Greek Amazons, of the fabled state governed by women, who either killed or sent beyond the borders to their fathers, all the male children born to them, find their prototype in primitive life everywhere. The King of Ashantee is described as marshaling his regiments of women. Sigurd, the warrior chief, found his Brunhild armed for battle;

she accompanied him in the fight ready to counsel and support him. When he died she flew to the funeral pyre that no gate should swing between her and her beloved.

Olive Schreiner, in that remarkable book of hers on "Woman and Labor," reminds us that the "new woman" is not so new after all, but that she is descended from women who never were bought or sold, who wore no veils, whose feet were uncramped, who exercised the freedom of equal partnership in marriage. She traces the origin of the new woman back at least two thousand years. Any study of primitive life that is up to date brings us face to face with this "new woman," if the new woman is to be characterized by a militant independence, by a freedom from convention, by a readiness to insist upon her rights and take part in the issues of the day. No episode in human history has been so gory but that the women have been there to applaud and to uphold.

The Jewish maidens danced and sang before the altars of the Lord, chanting their praise of the warriors: "Lo, Saul has slain his thousands but David, our hero king, has slain his tens of thousands." Women have ever been ready to glorify violence and to worship the military man.

Brinton, in his history of The Primitive Races of America, remembers the story of Candelaria, the Mexican Indian girl, only twenty years of age, who aroused the natives in the insurrection of 1712, marshaled an army of fifteen thousand men, which kept the Spanish army at bay for several months, and probably would have defeated it had she not been betrayed in her own camp.

If the power to bear arms, and the readiness under provocation to do so, are necessary qualifications for the ballot, then women have vindicated their right to it a thousand times over in the traditions of all peoples, in the experiences of mankind clear down to the present day. If the test is to be martial then the lines will shut out many incompetent men and let in many very competent women, on the battlefield.

The great and gallant Stephen D. Lee of the Confederate Army, worthy kinsman of the more famous Robert E. Lee, when asked why the men in command of the Confederate Army, with military gifts, trained in military tactics, persisted in prolonging the war through the last year when all hope was gone, when all generalship must have understood that the issue was sure, without a moment's hesitation, replied (as reported in a Confederate history), "The women would not let us stop." It is known that when the poor, ragged, half-starved and more than half-naked army of Hood, in the grim winter, in snow and sleet, of the Nashville campaign, were at last in full retreat, the women ran to the turnpike and tried to stay the fleeing soldiers and persuade them to return to battle.

To this day, it is obvious truth and not rhetoric, when I say half humorously on my returns from my Southern escapes that the only unreconstructed element I find there is among the "Daughters" of the Confederacy, the young women who did not drink the bitter cup to the dregs, and are still stirred with the primitive inspiration of war and the passion of patriotism. No, militarism is no attribute of the masculine, from it the feminine is not excluded.

This is the fundamental affirmation that I want to insist on in this course of sermons. Sex distinctions, important, obvious, insistent as they are, are but scratches on the surface of the human globe. We promptly find depths below sex lines, as promptly we rise to heights above sex lines. There are *manly*-women and *womanly*-men and these hyphenated terms ought to be recognized as complimentary not as derogatory.

What then shall we say of the militancy that reveals itself in all ages and in all times and in both sexes. Simply this, that human nature is the recent child of the beast, the last descendant of the brute world. The human body has outgrown horns and fangs and claws, but the human soul still retains those impulses and activities which foster faith in and prompt resort to arms. The bayonet is the human substitute for claws; the cannon a splendid substitute for horns; the poisoned bomb an ingenious and successful substitute for the fang. We still live on the border line of the brute. In moments of sudden violence we all know how hard it is to force back the tiger behind the bulwarks which human civilization has erected.

But there are those who say, and it is hard to evade the argument, that the horns that lifted the brute into the human are still necessary, still instruments of civilization, and that it will be a sorry day for progress when man ceases to be militant and woman loses her admiration for the soldier,—at whose shrine she has so long and so persistently bowed.

I read in the books that certain young women in Kansas pledged themselves to give their company to no young man who did not enlist for the Spanish war. You know how many women and girls, sweet, innocent girls, dote upon gilt lace, shoulder straps and polished buttons, the man with the sword. The fighting spirit is still very near the foreground.

Professor Thomas in his book on "Sex and Society" calls attention to the fact that young men in our country welcomed with enthusiasm the opportunities of the Spanish war. He further shows how the high "bloods" of England jumped at the chance for service in Africa in the Boer war. It was "the chance of a life time" said these young men. The papers reported that the troops north of Lake Bluff are restless and impatient, pleading for a chance to be sent to the borders of Mexico, that they may be sure to get into the fight if there is to be one. These are brothers to the members of that Fifeshire regiment which Herbert Spencer called attention to, who, in the last century, petitioned the Government for active service on the continent, leaving the Government to decide on which side they should fight. The passion of the brute to kill, to destroy, to display power, to reveal courage, is still strong in human nature, male and female. This Sunday morning paper reported that sixteen hunting women, up to date, had taken out licenses at Madison, Wisconsin; an encouragingly small number, it is true, compared to the discouragingly large number of men who flock every season to the northern woods of Michigan and Minnesota and Wisconsin in search of something to kill. Not that the hungry may be fed but that sport may be enjoyed, that skill may be displayed.

The old barbaric life is implied in our very word "virtue," for your dictionary will tell you that virtue had its root in *vir*, meaning in its original sense and largely throughout the realm of Latin literature, valor on the battlefield.

So Boadicea with her red hair and her passion to redress outrages, is in great and goodly company, if we study the problem historically. But let us see if we may not find some adequate explanation of the obscurity into which this Celtic Queen has fallen. Why do our children know so little of Boadicea? Why, does this name carry so little connotation on my printed program? Perhaps some of you came to hear me that you might find out who this Boadicea is anyhow. Simply this, Boadicea with all her valor and all her wrongs, exercised the baser and lower sides of human nature, to which history, with the growing centuries is not indifferent, but mindful of a truer valor. Not Boadicea, the daughter of royalty, the valorous leader of the army, but the humble Bridget, the daughter of a slave, who gave her life to gentle ministrations and tenderness, is the Queen of the Celtic world, studied historically today. It was Patrick, the swineherd, Andrew and David, who became the patron saints of the Celtic people as St. Patrick of Ireland, St. David of Wales and St. Andrew of Scotland; these drew no swords, marshaled no armies and conquered no enemies. Their appeal was to the more triumphant forces of love, and hence they abide with us and we all know them. Not the martial Caradog, but the mythical poet Merlin and the better known bardic fragments of Llywarch Hen, Taliesin and Aneurin, gave to Emerson more true poetry than we could find in volumes of modern British poets. It was out of their hearts of love and faith in the ideal that King Arthur and the Round Table were born. These children of the soul of Briton not only humanized and Christianized the island, but they quickened the better and higher life throughout all Europe. The fighting spirit pales beside the all conquering spirit of love and gentleness.

The name Amazon is supposed to come from two Greek words, one meaning "breastless," and these Amazons, or breastless women, tradition says, removed their right breasts that they might more effectively use the bow and arrow. This is true of militancy at its best; the truest kind, all the highest elements in the Amazons of all times and all history. Blessed be any woman who will not debreast herself and descend to deeds of violence in the interest of the ideal. Cowardly is the spirit that dares not trust the weapons of truth and justice, which the ages have vindicated, and which are still in the way of being vindicated day by day.

Boadicea and her army fell, but her cause, her type, her language in its roots, are still represented by David Lloyd George, who leads the English Parliament today. Not by virtue of any conquest on battlefields, for all the battle victories went the other way. For six and more centuries Ireland, Scotland and Wales have been off the map, but the Irish, Scotch and Welsh peoples still represent the fundamental inheritance of the little island and must be reckoned with in all the departments of State, in all the achievements of science, in all the realms of literature and in all the triumphs of modern civilization.

O friends, let us take to heart this lesson. Let us be reconciled to the oblivion that has settled down around the memory of that red-haired queen, who led the militants to battle that she might right a personal wrong, and redress the insults to her own. If I had read you another paragraph from this story of Tacitus it would show you how shallow and inadequate were the foundations upon which she builded, for when defeat came, the record says, she took her life by poison. She died for want of an adequate courage. She was defeated but the representatives of love know that no prison walls can confine them, and no indignities or atrocities can defeat them.

Let us believe in the power of love over and above the militant manoeverings of human history.

But let us be frank with one another. I for one am willing to recognize that there has been a stage in the development of life when the horn and fang and claw had a service to perform, and so far as human progress, so far as your aim or mine, is on the plan of the beast then the horn and the fang and the claw are necessary, but human brains and human ingenuity are equal to constructing a substitute and equal to using the same successfully. If I read history aright, the poor, floundering, inefficient gropings of human nature have passed the fatal stretch where brute force is necessary to advance thought and ideas and purposes.

The woman of today, the full breasted woman, represents achievements of the Eternally-Womanly that hold aloft the flag of love and lead the army of peace. But let no man admit for one moment that to woman has been relegated the offices of peace while he is held as hostage to history to do the acts of violence.

The Baroness von Suttner plead with mighty eloquence for the suspension of that atrocity which robbed women of the fruits of their bodies. It is she who said: "We women have grown tired of raising boys to be shot." But I would be untrue to history and to myself if I did not remember that Hugo Grotius, living a century and a half before the Baroness wrote, was the herald of what we call in modern times the "Peace Movement," and he was anticipated, by fifteen hundred years, by the Galilean Carpenter who said to the valiant Peter, "Put up thy sword." And again, the Carpenter's Son was anticipated by four or five hundred years by the gentle Prince of India, who made India mild. It is the triumph of man which is represented by this peace movement, the rise of humanity, and alas for man or woman, who in the interest of progress falls back into violence. Quite aside from the horrible waste of material, quite aside from the burden of war debt and war armament, which I with others, try to impress upon people, lies the greater shame and the final argument against war, the hardening of the human heart, the de-breasting of women, the brutalizing of men, the hardening of the lines that hurt between man and man, the bitterness that is born out of the blindness of hate.

Professor Sumner, one of the latest authorities on the evolution of society and the life past and prospective of communities, gives in his book on Folkways long and illuminating space to the development of what he calls the ethnocentric interests, that is, the life that centers around the tribe, around the clan, around the "race"—if you like. How ethnocentric has been history! How ethnocentric does our ignorance and our prejudice make us! He calls attention to the hate words of society. Why do we call the Italian a "Dago," a Jew a "Sheenie?" Why do we spell negro with two "g's"? And he brings up a whole lot of words that he has picked out of the vocabulary of ethnocentric men, "cow-eaters," "pig-eaters," etc. He tells that in the language of some South Sea islanders the word for the Portuguese is the same as that given to a native bird whose feathers grow down their legs

to the toes. The Portuguese were known as the "feather-legged" simply because they wear their trousers clear down to their ankles. It became a term of reproach and contempt. It is the ethnocentric loyalty, which in finer phrase we call "patriotism." That which bunches people together, considers them in job lots, and says that the conduct and the life of these people, are so different from those of other people, that the obligations and the inducements that will help and will bless us are not applicable to them, they do not belong to our circle, or talk our language, or perhaps, do not pay taxes to our government.

Militancy was the crude step by which man acquired discipline. The economic inspiration came in after the military, and through this wealth and prosperity were born. Next came the domestic inspiration, the religion of the fireside, the gospel of the cradle; thus the leadership of the unarmed man and woman has come in, and their word is Love.

How can we be just to the heroic traditions of this queen who thrust herself into the leadership of men in order to avenge the wrongs to her own daughters, to redress the insults to her own person,—for she bore, the story says, marks of the lashes on her back. How can we be true to her memory, and at the same time learn the obvious lesson here taught of the greater potency of peace and peaceful methods? Only by studying it biologically and in the light of science, and with the knowledge that those methods belong to a past regime in the spiritual realm of man. A true method must be ushered in. We are to keep growing away from the brute and up and up towards the angel.

Fold us in thine arms, O Thou Infinite Love, and encourage us in our quest for the harmony and the peace that is born out of the divine in the human. Make us less beast-like and more God-like, O Father, for our having been here. Amen.

Broken Womanhood and Its Reconstruction

Though she is a doctor, her practice is the cure of character. Though she is a cultivated, cultured woman, she lives with bruised, battered, bespotted, broken beings who, though of the feminine gender, need making over into the raw material for wives, mothers and citizens. Though she is the head and the heart of the New York State Reformatory for Women at Bedford, Dr. Katherine B. Davis has as her ideal for the poor creatures under her care, "not punishment but a chance." She is one of Josephine Shaw Lowell's finds in a Philadelphia social settlement. Really Dr. Davis "found" herself. She earned the money for courses in Vassar and Columbia and was further trained at Chicago University and Berlin.

She is therefore highly educated, but she works side by side with her girls making cement steps. For it is one of her principles that every teacher should be ready to do kitchen work or be the woman with the shovel as well as the hoe. So it is that the "girls" do everything at Bedford, not only so-called woman's work, but plant gardens, make hay and put down walks everything but the plowing and harrowing. Thus health comes back to the denizens of the dives and to half-starved, ill-nourished girls from factory and tenement.

Dr. Davis will tell you some strange things about these girls, however. Out of the first thousand that came under care, 430 are registered as house workers —unskilled. The Doctor realizes that many of her charges are weak rather than vicious. Over one hundred and fifty in a thousand of them are feeble-minded and many more below the normal mentally. "Girls," did I say? Yes, they are from sixteen to thirty years old, and would not average over twenty-one.

Of course they go to school at Bedford and have a gymnasium. Largely, however, it is character that is the goal and character is "caught, not taught." So too the girl of the streets, the gutter snipe, the store girl who has swiped a ribbon—every one has to learn that Dr. Davis and her co-laborers are her friends and want to help. The cottage system binds the girls into families, instead of housing them in barracks. There is the honor cottage and the disciplinary cottage; but the disciplinary cottage has only ten cells and there are 500 boarders at Bedford. Lectures, amusements, books, religious services—every known agency is used to lift these girls to higher levels and keep them there.

How does it work, you ask? What is the salvage from this human flotsam and jetsam? Just two-thirds of the first thousand girls were paroled in two years. One in four broke her parole and one out of every three who broke her parole was lost in the maelstrom of the city. But 400 of those girls are doing well. Talk about conservation of our natural resources! What a splendid contribution this is!

The crucial time for a girl is when she leaves Bedford. A hundred and fifty start anew every year. Why do they fail? A journalist, Ida M. Tarbell, in *The American Magazine,* to which we are indebted for a sympathetic description of Dr. Davis and her work, says: "For lack of woman's aid, girl after girl finally steps back into her old life. Good-will on every side, cheerful, varied co-operative work for a purpose in which she feels an interest; pleasure, stimulating counsel—these things she needs; these things Bedford has shown her to be desirable and possible and has led her to believe are the ways of a Christian community in a Christian land. And it is *we,* you and I, my sister, who fail her."

—*T. C. Richards.*

Congregationalist and Christian World.

Books Received

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Patchwork Comedy, by Humfrey Jordan, $1.30 net.
Little Thank You, by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, $1.25 net.
The Knave of Diamonds, by Ethel M. Dell, $1.35 net.
Sermons and Addresses, by John Bascom, $1.25 net.
Things Learned by Living, by John Bascom, $1.25 net.
Zones of the Spirit, by August Strindberg, $1.25 net.
Sunia, A Himalayan Idyll, by Maud Diver, $1.25 net.
The Thunderhead Lady, by Anna Fuller and Brian Read, $1.00 net.
Ellen Key, Her Life and Her Work, by Louise Nystrom Hamilton, $1.25 net.
Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence, 1884-1913, by Augusta E. Stetson, $5.00 net.

One of the principal by-products of the national forests of Japan is furnished by mushrooms, which have yielded in one year a revenue of a million dollars.

Elevators were used in the imperial palace at Rome, 2,000 years ago, achæologists believe. The kind of power used is not known.—*Popular Mechanics.*

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.
MON.— Liberated man,
All difference with his fellow-mortal closed,
Shall be left standing face to face with God.
TUES.—Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
WED.—Time may restore us in his course.
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
THURS.—Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.
FRI.—But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well
The Friend of man desires.
SAT.—Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he who finds himself, loses his misery.

—Matthew Arnold.

LINES TO A SON.

Do I spoil you, my son? Does your father
Forsake his Olympian throne
And insist upon treating you rather
Like some one whose age is his own?
For a pedagogue wise and far-seeing
Is seemingly greatly upset
At the thought of the pair of us being
Hail-fellow-well-met!

And yet, though, alas! there's no blinking
The summers that o'er me have rolled,
I find a strange comfort in thinking
I am not so dreadfully old.
My mood is still passably vernal,
Though my temples be powdered with gray,
And age that is wholly external
Is quite by the way.

With awe of my might to inspire you
Would make no appeal to my pride;
You know that I only desire you
To feel I am here at your side.
Let other papas play the fogy;
I claim you, companion and friend,
In spite of the schoolmaster's bogy,
Right up to the end! *—Selected.*

Something About You

You are a complex and ingenious machine, "fearfully and wonderfully" made. If your age is fifteen years or more, you can be figured up to a dot.

You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is nearly five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times a minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, and 3,722,200 times a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. It is the most remarkable pump in the world.

Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons a day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, is 20,000 square inches.

The weight of your brain is three pounds, or more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch, a total of 127 tons.

Each square inch of your skin contains 1,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost 40 miles long.

In the future have more respect for your body and see that it is well taken care of—not only while you are awake but while you are sleeping.—*Boy's Life.*

The New Boston Custom-House

Unique among public buildings in America is the new customhouse which is being erected in Boston. It is to be a tower, 505 feet high, and in design is virtually a monument to crown the pyramidal sky line of the city. The old pyramidal shape of the city with the golden dome of the Statehouse at its apex has been destroyed by the building of skyscrapers. Boston's building laws now forbid the erection of private structures more than 125 feet high, and the new customhouse is designed to rise above its surroundings and form the dominating feature in any view of the city. Although the old customhouse has been torn down, the base of the new tower is an exact reproduction of the old building, so that the 505-foot tower appears to be rising from the roof of the former edifice. The simple Doric style of architecture used in the old customhouse and in its reproduction is followed out in the lines of the whole tower. Very little decoration is used, even in the superstructure that carries the clock faces. In the matter of convenient arrangement of floor space, the building is more or less of an experiment.Since a large amount of floor space is needed, it is thought that the arrangement of various departments on different floors, with rapid elevator service between, will give quicker inter-communication than is possible in a broad, low building. Wherever a department requires more room than one story, its several floors are arranged as galleries over a main floor.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Weather Forecasts from Study of Sun

That it will soon be possible to determine general weather conditions six months or longer in advance, by careful observation of solar conditions, is the belief expressed by Professor Frost of the Yerkes observatory, who has just completed an exhaustive series of studies relating to variations in the amount of heat sent out by the sun. Such advance forecasts would revolutionize agriculture all over the world. The amount of heat sent out by the sun varies slightly from day to day, but the big variations, which are the ones that affect weather conditions, occur in cycles of months or years. The presence or absence of sun spots is the most important indication of future weather conditions, and these have been found to come in cycles of eleven years The radiation of heat is high when the sun spots are numerous, and low when the sun spots are few or absent.—*Popular Mechanics.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PROGRESS AND THE BIRTH-RATE.

For some years "the decline of the birth-rate in France" has been a stock topic of discussion. That the population of France was practically stationary; that the size of the family was getting smaller and smaller, so that race suicide was actually threatened; that this was a proof of decadence and degeneracy; that something had to be done if the country was to be saved from destruction; that Germany was gaining in population and growing stronger every year—these things have been "household possessions" for a decade or more.

Now Germany learns with a shock that her own birth-rate has fallen steadily and rapidly, and that the same "disease is gnawing at her vitals." In 1875 the German birth-rate was over 39 for every thousand persons; in 1912 it was 29. The decline has been heaviest in the last several years. Here are some figures from a year-book for the period in question:

	Marriages	Births	Surplus of Births
1907	503,964	2,060,973	882,624
1908	500,620	2,076,660	879,362
1909	494,127	2,038,357	884,061
1910	496,396	1,982,836	879,113
1911	512,819	1,927,039	740,431

An increase in marriages and a decrease in births. Moreover, the rate is falling below that of France, as comparative statistics show. The sterility of Berlin is particularly striking. The city authorities furnish the following tables: Number of children born per 1,000 married women:

1876	240.0
1880	206.0
1900	127.0
1908	104.0
1910	90.5
1912	80.0

Thus the story of France, England, the native Americans of New England, and other sections of the civilized and settled world is being told again by Germany, and especially by Prussia and her capital. It hardly needs saying that the causes of the decline in the birth-rate are the same everywhere. Germany, simply, has not escaped them and could not seriously have expected to escape them.

They may be divided into two sets, desirable and undesirable ones. Higher standards of living, the passing of war, the emancipation of woman, the spread of education, the spirit of individuality, thrift and parental responsibility, are among the first. The drift to the cities, bad housing, inadequate wages, unemployment, the excessive love of ease and amusement, the weakening of religious and spiritual sanctions where nothing can take their place—these are among the factors in the undesirable set.

Whatever may be thought of this or that single factor, it is impossible not to feel that the decline of the birth-rate is a concomitant of modern civilization. Mere censure and admonition will not check the decline. The desirable factors we would not remove if we could, and the undesirable factors will continue to operate as they are doing until they are removed. Better housing, equal opportunity, access to land and natural resources generally, steady employment, insurance against disability and sickness, etc., would undoubtedly tend to increase the birth rate. That it will ever be what it was in former times is improbable. But science is reducing infant mortality, and it is better to save babies already born than to lament the reduced size of families.—*The Chautauquan.*

WORK AGAINST LIQUOR IN GERMANY AND FRANCE.

A "strike" against alcohol was proposed at a meeting of Socialists in Berlin recently. The faction of the Socialists which believes in general strikes wants to try that sort of weapon against the liquor traffic. The argument was advanced that alcohol is the strongest chain "by which the proletariat is kept in bondage." If the masses want to be free they must keep clear heads. By way of statistical reenforcement it was shown that Germany spends twice as much on alcoholism as on the burden of militarism. The various ramifications and vested interests of the liquor traffic, it was asserted, help capitalism "to hold the upper hand."

In France the women of the nation have begun to take a part in the anti-liquor crusade. Many thousands of them joined in a petition to the chamber of deputies, which was presented last week, asking for a law to limit the number of bars and other places for the sale of spirits. The movement is directed specifically against distilled liquors and not against beer or wine. Since 1900 the number of establishments selling spirits is reported to have increased from 435,000 to 479,000, and the consumption of alcoholic liquors is also increasing in spite of a heavy tax. Deputy Siegfried, a former minister of commerce, states that there is now one bar for every 82 inhabitants in France—an appallingly low figure. A measure similar to the one asked for by the women would limit the number of bars to one for each 200 persons.—*The Continent.*

THE CENTURY.

No prospectus for the year 1914 could express the "new spirit of the Century" so well as the current and the future numbers of the magazine. The program already drawn up is rich and varied, although *The Century* is too close in touch with matters of current interest to tie itself down to a twelve months' program in advance. A prophetic trilogy by H. G. Wells will begin in the January number. This is the work of the modern prophet and seer who writes like a pure romancer. The February *Century* is called the "Midwinter Fiction Number" and contains a group of short stories which alone would make this issue notable. Among these is one by the author of "Madame Butterfly," in which John Luther Long returns to the scene of that classic which, since it was printed in *The Century* in 1898, has developed first into a play and then into a beautiful opera. The new story is called "The Temple of the Countless Gods." About half of each number of *The Century* will be devoted to fiction. As the Editor declares that "this is, in a real and vital sense, the very age of fiction, we plan that each number beginning with the November *Century* shall contain. in addition to a leading article on modern conditions, an exceptional fiction feature." In a magazine of the size of *The Century* this leaves ample space for art, poetry, economics, history and humor.

Among the papers on vital American subjects scheduled for 1914 are those of Prof. Edward A. Ross on Immigration. These are already making the deep impression that the publishers anticipated. It is proposed that the magazine shall continue to lead in literature and art and to be "the leading art magazine of America." The comic section of *The Century*, "In Lighter Vein," is showing unusual vitality. It is edited on the theory that the best writers and artists enjoy touching upon life in a sprightly way.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1914.

"No art or literature is too good for American boys and girls." This is the principle that *St. Nicholas* has lived up to for forty years. It is hard to overestimate the influence of this "best-loved

of all magazines.' A glance at one day's letters received by the Editor of *St. Nicholas* shows the place this magazine holds in the hearts and minds of American children. The publishers' and others' responsibility entailed by this fact is taken very seriously in the office of the Century Co. In these days of changing standards in literature, it is a comfort to be able to rely upon a magazine that, though never namby-pamby, is as clean as a whistle. Among the art features of the coming year are more Mother Goose paintings by the distinguished artist, Arthur Rackham. These pictures make a strong appeal even to those who have outgrown Mother Goose itself. The Arthur Rackham books are on many a drawing-room table. The current number includes part of a serial "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" by Annie Fellows Johnston, whose readers are numbered literally by scores of thousands through the popularity of her "Little Colonel Books" and other stories. "With Men Who Do Things" by A. Russell Bond is a series that will be continued into 1914 with the same boys as characters but with a wider range of subjects, such as "A Hanging Building," "Freezing Quicksand" and "A Chimney Built About a Man." Another series of a very practical kind will deal with most if not all of one hundred things that a boy can do or make indoors or out. This is written by F. A. Collins, author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes," "The Wireless Man," etc. Caroline Barton French, author of "A Little Cook-Book for a Little Girl," etc., will describe in story form the household emergencies which Mildred (14), Jack (12) and Brownie (9) have to meet. The title of this entertaining and helpful series is "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs"; it will appeal to the scout type of boy, for surely no scout is worth his badge unless he can cook. Ariadne Gilbert continues her remarkable series of biographies "More than Conquerors," in which she summarizes the lives of the world's most picturesque heroes. More space than ever will be given to articles on nature and science for young folks. The Riddle Box, the Stamp Department, The Book Man Department, and the Advertising Contest will be continued as well as the various departments of the St. Nicholas League which monthly absorb the attention of many thousands of young Americans.

A Selected List of Books

PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Send for our FREE Holiday Bulletin describing toese and many other new books

4 PARK ST. BOSTON

INEXPENSIVE GIFT BOOKS FOR OLDER READERS

THE GREATEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR
A comprehensive little book of great value both to students and those who wish to become familiar with the really important master works of literature. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.37.

OUR COMMON ROAD By AGNES EDWARDS
Inspiring essays taking up the simple events and predicaments of everyday life. $1.00 *net.* By mail, $1.06.

THE SUMMIT OF THE YEARS By JOHN BURROUGHS
A collection of essays written with Mr. Burroughs' characteristic charm. $1.15 *net.* By mail, $1.26.

ADVENTURE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE MAN WITH THE IRON HAND By JOHN C. PARISH
A book of hero tales full of romance and dramatic incident. Illustrated. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.36.

THE YOUNG SHARPSHOOTER By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON
As thrilling as Mr. Tomlinson's previous books that deal with earlier periods of our national history. Illustrated. By mail, $1.50.

THE QUEST OF THE FISH-DOG SKIN By J. W. SCHULTZ
The thrilling adventures of two boys in their quest through a wild, unsettled country. Illustrated. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.37.

FICTION TO READ AND TO OWN

THE STORY OF WAITSTILL BAXTER By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
"Cannot fail to prove a delight of delights to Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm enthusiasts."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* Illustrated. $1.30 *net.* By mail, $1.44.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY By IAN HAY
"Readers of fiction who desire to read a bit of joyful romance cannot do better than take up 'Happy-Go-Lucky.' "—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* Illustrated. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.37.

HAGAR By MARY JOHNSTON
"Feminism has never had a more human exposition. It is a book notable for sane methods as well as a delightful plot."—*Literary Digest.* $1.40 *net.* By mail, $1.54.

PICTURE BOOKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE RAILROAD BOOK Written and Illustrated by E. BOYD SMITH
The author of the Farm and Seashore Books here tells how two children learn about trains and railroads. Fully illustrated. $1.50 *net.* By mail, $1.65.

A BOOK OF FAIRY-TALE BEARS By CLIFTON JOHNSON
"A delightful collection of the bears children love."—*New York Sun.* Colored illustrations. 75 cents *net.* By mail, 83 cents.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE PLAYS "I SPY" By D. K. STEVENS
A new "Little Girl Blue" story, which will please all little people. Illustrated in color. 50 cents *net.* By mail, 55 cents.

USEFUL BOOKS FOR THE HOME

THE HEALTH MASTER By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
The story of a doctor who established himself in a household with a view to following out the Chinese plan of keeping the family well instead of letting it get sick and then trying to cure it. $1.35 *net.* By mail, $1.47.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S HANDY-BOOK By LUCIA MILLET BAXTER
"A valuable addition to every housewife's library."—*New York Sun.* Illustrated. $1.00 *net.* Postage 11 cents.

STORY-TELLING POEMS Edited by FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT
A collection of poems sure to entertain children.

A Veritable Human Document

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING WOMAN

By ADELHEID POPP

With Introduction to American Edition By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

An impressive account of the struggles of a woman who undertakes to earn her own livelihood. Will be read with interest by all who are concerned with the great problem of the woman toiler.

Dr. Jones says in his Introduction:

Here is the story of a "working woman" who has felt the bitterness of hard, unrelenting toil, and out of the agony of such a life has been brought into sympathy with the Gospel side of co-operation. It is a book that ought to find a place among the religious books on the center-table of the rich.

With portraits, 12mo. $1.25 net, $1.35 Postpaid

Of All Booksellers, or

F. G. BROWNE & CO.

Publishers, Chicago

THE ARYAN

The Hindu Paper of Canada

Published at 630 Speed Avenue

VICTORIA, B. C.

Send your subscription and write for advertising rates to S. SINGH, Managing Editor.

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.

HENRY HILMERS, Prop.

Phone Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street

Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 **Est. 1873**

Wm. Wilson

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES

Glass and Glazing

Tools, Cutlery and Hardware

3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue, CHICAGO

$53,000.00

BEING GIVEN AWAY

to those who act as the local representatives of **EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE** and **THE DELINEATOR**—all in addition to liberal commissions. Let us show you how you can

Secure a Share

simply by forwarding the subscriptions of your friends and neighbors and collecting the renewals of our present subscribers. Try for THIS month's prizes. There are lots of prizes that can be won only by persons living in towns same size as your own. Write at once to the

BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Butterick Building, New York City

Private Limousine Cars

AT REASONABLE RATES

For All Purposes

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806

OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET

Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former chief chemist for the Government, calls upon the public to join in battle against the Senate change that, in his opinion, would permit adulteration of fermented grape-juice. Dr. Wiley attacks the provision that permits the addition, "before, during, or after fermentation" of sugar, grape must, or water, not to exceed twenty per cent of the total of pure fermented grape-juice. This, Dr. Wiley contends, lets down the bars to all descriptions of adulteration, as no one can tell the specific quantity of original fermented grape-juice after the adulterants have been added. "It only remains now," said Dr. Wiley, scornfully, "for the Senate to define whisky as an alcoholic beverage, made of neutral spirits, burnt sugar, and synthetic flavors, and beer as a beverage made of any old thing that will ferment and embittered with anything that is bitter, from capsicum to aloes."—*The Western Christian Advocate.*

SCHOOLS AS COMMUNITY CENTERS.

The idea of using the school building, in city, town or village for wider purposes is not new. There was a national conference on it last year, and in some localities not a little has been done to carry it into practice. But there is reason to fear that the idea, simple as it is, is not spreading as fast as it should, and that inertia and official conservatism are obstructing it. School boards are often indifferent to new uses of the buildings under their control or they plead lack of funds and facilities. In some cases the question of legal power to open school buildings for other than strictly educational purposes has been raised and even injunctions have been threatened.

The extension division of the progressive University of Wisconsin has taken a deep interest in the school center idea and promises to set a splendid example to other universities and states. It has enlisted the co-operation of school principals, and in conjunction with the state department of education it has prepared a 5-months' school-center program for all communities. School buildings are to be used during these months for the intellectual, moral and artistic elevation of the great public. There is to be free discussion of political, social and economic questions; there are to be social evenings and afternoons; there is to be "community music' of the right kind, as well as dramatic and other entertainments.

If this attractive program appeals to other educators and social workers, the first thing to do is to induce the state university to appoint an adviser to the social centers, as Wisconsin University has done. The adviser can generally arouse local interest and get citizens and educators to work with him or under his direction. In some states legislation by states or local law makers may be necessary for the opening of school buildings for community purposes of the kind just specified. If so, a committee should be appointed to draw up the requisite statutes or ordinances and work for their passage.—*The Chautauquan.*

JONES DAIRY FARM Sausage

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Avenue
H. F. EGGERS
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. EISENBERG
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Free Reading!

Unitarian sermons sent free on application to MISS ELLEN A. CALL, 35 Sumner St., Lawrence, Mass.

The Subscription Price of

UNITY

is $2.00 per annum

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN

DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING

N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

FONGER'S Sanitary Bakery

Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Removal Notice

FORCED TO MOVE

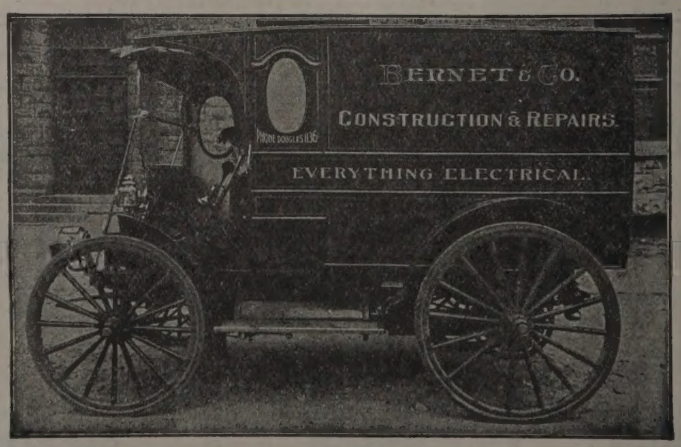
The building which we now occupy will be torn down January 1, 1913. We have secured the entire building at 24 West Lake street, near State, where we are permanently located. However, we shall continue to operate this store at 24 North Wabash until December 31.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager

Prompt Service



Best Workmanship

4532 St. Lawrence Avenue Phone, Drexel 1435